

ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON
AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AGATHA"

SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and intelligent young bachelor of London, receives news that his aunt, Agatha, has died. He is engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so, the legacy will go to a third cousin, a man named Vincent. The story opens at Castle Wyke, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close friends of Terhune. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archibald choose one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archibald as a handsome beauty. Agatha First is a breezy, American girl, who tells Vincent that her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archibald. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attention from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later, she sees Agatha Sixth picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's second duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent accuses him for his apparent fickleness. The last evening of the time allotted in which to become engaged arrives. The following day Solicitor Barnes will arrive from London, and the Vincents are anxious to consummate the engagement. Vincent discovers Agatha First and a man with his arm around her waist. Vincent decides that the man must be Terhune. The next morning Terhune and Agatha First are very friendly at the breakfast table, while Agatha Sixth seems somewhat displeased. Solicitor Barnes arrives. The Vincents are anxious. In an interview of Vincent with the wife the latter cries in desperation over the puzzling condition of affairs.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Then don't you understand?" she said. "Don't you see?"

"Well, really, Dearest, I don't," I had to acknowledge. "I don't see what all that has to do with—"

But her quickly bent head and low choked cry of "Wilfred!" interrupted me and then the oddest thing of all happened. There was my own wife crying and there was I, her own husband, unable to comfort her because she pushed me away every time I came near her.

It was too much. And hang it all! The cause of all the friendships in the world wasn't worth that moment's pain. I was disgusted with the whole business, and in my agitation I went down to the stables and flung myself on a horse to try and ride the rancor out of my veins. But I didn't make very good work of it and I am afraid I am a little worse for it. I was alone and Agatha Sixth and even old Terhune himself all the way out and all the way back.

When I returned it was twelve o'clock and the footman told me at the door that Solicitor Barnes had arrived and was in the library. As I have said, in accordance with Terhune's aunt's wishes, Dearest had invited Mrs. James' solicitor, Mr. Barnes, of Barnes, Willoughby & Sons, up from London to take luncheon with us, that he might be present at the time when the stipulated ten days expired and be witness to the fact that the time was not overstepped by so much as a minute. They had sent the station wagon to meet him as per Dearest's arrangements, and he had reached the castle ten minutes before my own arrival. I was glad of that, for I remembered, with a new and troubled sense that I was no longer in her good graces, that my wife had instructed me to meet him myself.

Impelled by this thought, I hurried into the library without changing my riding things and found Solicitor Barnes pacing restlessly up and down the apartment and glancing at his watch from time to time.

"Ah! Lord Vincent?" he asked—we had not yet met—and as I assented I shook his thin impressive hand as cordially as I could. He was like most barristers I have met, a flashy looking beast, though one couldn't help admiring the look of omniscience about him, as if never so much at home.

"And how is Lady Vincent?" he inquired politely, when I had finished apologizing for my attire and for my neglect to meet him at the station. Conversation was certainly flagging. I had no heart for it with all I had on my mind, and had begun to feel pretty well talked out, when a footman appeared in the doorway and wanted to know if he was to show the gentleman upstairs.

I didn't answer his question. It seemed too much trouble to have to explain to William that the barrister was not a guest overnight, and instead I inquired where Lady Vincent was. I thought it rather odd that she did not come down and welcome Mr. Barnes, and was almost annoyed when the man informed me that "Her Ladyship" was in her room and by her express orders was not to be interrupted.

"But does she know that Mr. Barnes is here?" I asked, rather impatient of all this mystery. Mr. Barnes himself answered me before William could speak.

"My dear Lord Vincent," he said, "Don't, I pray, trouble about it! I have been welcomed by your lordship and shall await Lady Vincent's pleasure in regard to meeting her, which will be soon, no doubt, for we lunch at one, do we not?" He took out his big open-faced watch.

"What time is it?" I asked anxiously, as a sudden remembrance of the importance of that same luncheon rushed over me. Would Terhune sit down to it an affianced or a free man?

CHAPTER XI.

"The noon hour exactly," said he. "Great Scotland!" I exclaimed aloud. Then the deed, I thought, must be done; I had been two hours riding. Terhune must have decided his fate one way or the other during that time. It was quite exciting. I rang for a footman and when William had

appeared again I asked him where Mr. Terhune was, realizing at the same time that it was just as much Archibald's duty to entertain old Barnes, since the solicitor had come upon his business after all.

"Don't know, your lordship. Will try to find him," said William, leaving the room just in time to escape colliding with Terhune, who burst in upon us in a manner so unceremonious and excitable as to be quite unlike himself.

"Upon my word, Vincent," he exclaimed, quite ignoring Solicitor Barnes, "I'm glad I've found you! I thought I never should! I say, where have you been?"

"Riding," I replied, "for an hour or two, and talking to Mr. Barnes, which you should have been doing also. I don't think you've spoken to him yet, have you?" But far from attending to my hint, he hardly let me finish before he grasped my shoulder and was shaking it nervously.

"I've made a mess of it, Vincent!" he said, and his voice stirred me to real feeling. It was so genuinely distressed. "Upon my word I have! I wouldn't have believed it if you'd told me yesterday, but she's refused me!"

"By Jove!" I expostulated, for of course I knew that Agatha Sixth was the "she" referred to. "You don't say so!" And somehow I felt just as surprised and disappointed as if I had not known of my friend's rash escapade of the night before. I had felt so sure that it would all come right.

"Refused me!" he went on distractedly. "Just as if I'd been the dirt under her feet, my dear boy! As if I were insulting her by asking her! Me—a Terhune! As if I were insulting her!" His face flushed again at the thought and he ran an agitated



"Yes, I Did Ask the Girl to Marry Me."

hand through his thick, slightly gray hair, careless of the disorder it left in its wake.

"Poor old chap!" I said pityingly. I felt thunderingly sorry for him, for it was uncommonly hard lines, but somehow I couldn't think of a thing to say that made matters any better.

"Where was it?" I asked him with a natural curiosity to learn the scene of the disaster.

"In the west garden," he replied. "I'd been sitting in the house all morning waiting for her to come down after breakfast, but hadn't succeeded in seeing her. So I thought I'd take a turn in the garden to brace me up, and there she was herself!"

"Fine!" I ejaculated, as interested in his recital of the catastrophe as if I were at a play or watching the races. We had both of us forgotten Solicitor Barnes, who had retired discreetly to the hearthrug and was pacing it with mathematical precision.

"Not so fine!" went on Terhune, "because she made as if to escape me directly, which of course wasn't very encouraging!"

"Decidedly not!" I exclaimed. "But you asked her?"

"I did. I blocked her way as she started up the path, put my cane right across in front of her, and asked her why she wanted to run away from me when all I wanted in the world was to stay by her all the rest of my life!"

"Bravo!" I cried. "Played, indeed! And then?"

"And then," he said, polishing his eyeglasses furiously as he spoke, "and then if she didn't go and pretend to misunderstand me! But I didn't let that hinder me. I simply said it again as plain as man can put it, 'Will you marry me?'" He stopped and I could see that pain and anger, resentment and humiliation for the moment had mastered his power of speech. "And then?" I prompted him again.

"Why then she refused me!" he said. "She told me if I were the last man on earth she wouldn't marry me! It was very cruel and I can't imagine why she should speak so harshly!" I thought I could. I fancied I understood Agatha Sixth's reasons for behaving as she did perfectly well, in the light of her suit-or-performance the previous evening.

But of course Terhune was still in the dark as to our knowledge of that episode.

"God, Wilfred!" he went on in despairing tones. "Think what I've lost!"

"Yes," I agreed. "Dash it all! I thought we had you all fixed for a far time, Arch!"

But he didn't appear to hear me, for he dropped despondently into an arm chair, repeating as if to himself, "Think what I've lost!"

There was a momentary silence in the room, broken only by the dry clearing of Mr. Barnes' legal throat. Then I went over and put my hand on Arch's shoulder. I felt sorry for him and I couldn't bear to see all my bright plans for his future end so. I wouldn't have it, in fact. "Come, come!" I expostulated. "Don't give up! You must make another try! Surely you're not going to throw away your only chance of inheriting a property that will make you rich for life and which should be yours by right of your aunt's promise, for the lack of a little spirit! Or if you do, it's not like you, that's all!"

But my words didn't succeed in arousing him.

"Oh, as to that," he said, speaking from the depths of his misery and the arm chair, "as to having another try, look at the clock!" I looked. It was half after twelve.

"Time's up at one, isn't it, Barnes?" he asked, taking notice of that worthy barrister for the first time.

"I believe it is, Mr. Terhune," replied Mr. Barnes, as indifferently as if it were only a question of boiling breakfast eggs.

"You see," said Arch, looking at me despairingly, "there's no use talking of urging her again. I could do nothing at all with her in that short time, even if I were inclined to. It's a pity, of course. I rather fancied that property of my aunt's. An income of \$20,000 a year is a good deal to lose at one blow. Especially when the blow is unexpected!" By Jove, you know, she did half way promise to marry me, after all! Can't think why she changed her mind! But of course I could think and I didn't quite see how Terhune could call the blow unexpected.

"You know I warned you that you were paying far too much attention to Agatha First," I said, "but you would indulge your fondness for flirtation and you see the result—an upset kettle of fish!" It was all the reference to the



seem in the drawing room of the night before that I intended to make. After all, as in the case of my discovery of the red automobile in the wood, we had seen what we were not meant to have seen. And until Arch came to me and spoke of that event himself and asked my advice, my hurt friendship made me resolve not to demand his confidence or trust advice upon him. Let him keep his secret if that was his wish. I would not intrude upon it, though his reticence pained me ever so much.

"I couldn't very well help it," he replied. "Upon my word I couldn't. The girl's very fetching, you know, and she seemed to take such an extraordinary fancy to me that I couldn't help responding. Agatha Sixth, on the other hand, had hardly a word to say to me!"

"Of course not!" I said hotly. "The more attention you paid to Agatha First, the less Miss Lawrence paid to you. That was quite natural. You'd asked the girl to marry you, you know, and she couldn't understand why you should want to have anything to do with anyone else!"

"Yes, I did ask the girl to marry me, and she chose to keep me waiting for an answer," replied Arch impatiently, "which kept everything at a standstill. I couldn't go ahead till she said the word, and as time hung heavy on my hands—"

"You made love to some one else. Deuced clever!" I interposed sarcastically.

"Well, I couldn't make love to her very well, could I, when she wouldn't say positively whether she wanted me or not? She kept me at arm's length all the time!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Shines of Pioneer Days.

"A file of bootblacks now does duty in front of the California exchange, and the man with dirty boots who passes them and is no customer must run the gantlet. Capital enters the field with the armchairs and cushions and to the armchairs and cushions newspapers are added. Close to the customer's eyes is this placard: 'Boots blacked (not wet or greased) 25 cents. Boots blacked (when wet or greased), 50 cents. Boots blacked (over, less, etc.), 50 cents.'—Whistle sticks Wide West. A paper published in San Francisco fifty years ago.

The HOME DEPARTMENT

MAKE CANDY AT HOME

SOME SIMPLE RECIPES FOR WHOLESOME SWEETS.

How to Make Delicious Chocolate Caramels, Peanut Nougat, Coconut Creams, Sweet Popcorn, Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy.

Chocolate Caramels.—Two tablespoonsful of butter, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, four squares of chocolate, one cup of walnut meats broken in fine pieces.

Put butter in a porcelain saucepan and when melted add milk, sugar and molasses. When these are at the boiling point add chocolate, finely grated, and cook until brittle when tried in cold water. Stir often to prevent mixture from sticking to pan. Remove from the fire, beat four times, and then put in the nuts and two tablespoonsful of vanilla and turn into a buttered pan. When cold cut in squares and wrap each in paraffin paper.

Peanut Nougat.—One pound of sugar and one quart of shelled peanuts. Chop the nuts fine, and sprinkle them with a little table salt. Put the sugar in a smooth granite saucepan, and when it is on the fire stir constantly until melted to a syrup, taking care to keep the sugar from hardening on the sides of the pan. Add the nuts, stirring them well through the sugar, and pour at once into a warm, buttered tin and mark the squares. The sugar must be taken from the fire the moment it is melted or this candy will not be a success.

Coconut Creams.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, two tablespoonsful of butter, one-half cup of shredded coconut, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Put butter in a granite saucepan; when melted add sugar and milk. Heat to boiling point and stir until sugar is dissolved and then boil gently twelve minutes; remove from fire, add coconut and vanilla and beat until creamy and mixture begins to sugar slightly around edges of saucepan. Pour them into a buttered pan, cool slightly and mark off in diamonds.

Pralines.—One and seven-eighths cups of powdered sugar, one cup of maple syrup, one-half cup of cream, two cups of hickory nuts or pecan meats, cut in pieces. Boil first three things until, when tried in cold water, a soft ball forms. Remove at once from fire and beat until creamy; add nuts and drop from tip of spoon in small blobs on buttered paper.

Old Fashioned Molasses Candy.—Two cups of Porto Rico molasses, two-thirds cup of sugar, three tablespoonsful of butter, one tablespoonful of cider vinegar. An iron or copper kettle with round bottom is best for making this. Put butter in, place

until the plate is entirely covered. When complete, it should be varnished with some transparent varnish, as it will preserve the stamps and also enable the plate to be cleaned when occasion arises.

QUAINT PLATE DECORATION

Common Plate Ornamented With Postage Stamps Makes Pretty and Unique Effect.

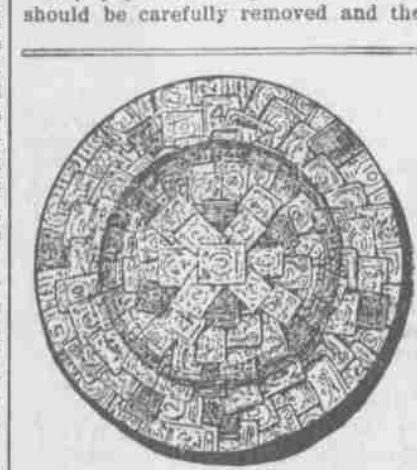
A very quaint and effective decoration for hanging upon the wall or placing upon the mantel-piece is shown in the accompanying sketch, in the shape of a plate ornamented with old postage stamps.

A common plate, one of those little white plates that may be purchased for a penny, for instance, will quite well answer the purpose.

Any paper adhering to the stamps should be carefully removed and the

greater variety of stamps used, the more effective the plate will look when finished.

With a little ingenuity a great many different designs may be worked upon the plates, and it is an easy matter to gum the stamps in their position,



Don't stitch skirt seams all in one direction; the bias side should be held under the straight edge, which means that the seams of half the skirt should be stitched from top to bottom and the other half from bottom to top.

Rule for Stitching.

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But whatever the fashion, the great point is the way the individual approaches them. If you will go to work now, take an inventory of stock and experience, get the result well in your mind, and be guided by it when you begin to buy clothes next month, then you will be less apt to make mistakes and will probably view your purchases with serenity after you have worn them.

Silk Stockings.

Silk stockings should always be bought with cotton feet to wear better. If you have been a foolish buyer, however, or have been presented an all-silk pair, line the heels of your evening slippers with velvet. Paste it smoothly from the sole to the edge, making the piece about two inches wide from the center of the back. Use glue, not mud glue.

The hair will go back to the Greek

over fire and when melted add molasses and sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved—doing this well when the candy is nearly done lest it burn. Boil until the mixture becomes brittle in cold water. Add vinegar just before taking it from the fire, and then pour into a well buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until light in color and porous in quality; do this with the tips of the fingers and thumb. Cut in small pieces with greased shears, and then arrange on slightly buttered platters to cool.

SOME SIMPLE COMBINATIONS

Nainsook, Jap Silk, or Fine Calico May Be Used in This Garment.

Nainsook, Jap silk, or fine calico, might be used for the simple combination illustrated here; the front is trimmed with groups of tucks and strips of insertion, then the edge is finished with beading and lace; this also trims the armholes. Tucks are made at the waist to cause a good fit.

The legs are finished with frills of material edged with insertion and lace; ribbon bows are sewn at the side.

Materials required: 2½ yards 36 inches wide, 1½ yards beading, 4½ yards lace, 3½ yards insertion, 3 yards ribbon.

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THE TEXAS RANGERS



THE TEXAS RANGER

THE TEXAS RANGERS, who have had a prominent part in trouble along our southwestern border, constitute a force that is more feared by miscreants than any other body of men that civilization has ever organized.

They carry law and order to the remote regions along the Rio Grande, where outlaws of two nations take refuge. They carry it into the backwoods, where feuds rage constantly, beside which those of Kentucky's mountains sink into insignificance. They carry it into populous cities. They carry it into every nook and corner of that great state of Texas, the extent of which is such that they are problems to face such as other states dream not of.

The Texas rangers are the most picturesque set of legalized fighting men in this country. They have no counterpart in the world. Only forty in number, they are equal to almost any emergency that may arise when it comes to putting to a test real fighting qualities. The presence of one ranger upon a scene of disorder and threatened lawlessness is usually sufficient to quickly restore peace and uphold the dignity of the law. The ranger is there to do his duty. He does it fearlessly.

The rangers are picked men, every one of them. They must be proved experts in marksmanship and at home in the saddle; they must be of good moral character, which means that they do not drink or gamble. When a vacancy in a company occurs the captain selects the man to fill it.

"I can look into a man's eyes and tell whether he has got the right kind of stuff in him to make a good ranger," Captain W. J. (Bill) McDonald, who saw many years in the service, said the other day. "I never made a mistake in picking my men."

Most of the rangers were former cowboys. When a man leaves the ranger service he usually either goes back to the ranch or takes a position as peace officer in some county or city.

The official reports of the adjutant general's department of Texas show that during the period from 1870 to 1884 Indians and Mexican thieves stole 30,838 head of cattle, 3,781 horses and 2,436 sheep. The marauders killed hundreds of citizens, burned many homes and destroyed a vast amount of property. "Although cattle stealing was the original object of the raids, the lawless bands engaged in them have been necessarily led to the perpetration of other and greater crimes. The lawless spirit engendered by their trade, and their own protection, caused them to murder travelers who happened to meet them on their raids, and those whom they thought might inform against them. In fact, these raids were soon turned into general robbery and murder."

The conditions on the lower Rio Grande border region began to improve as soon as Captain L. H. McNelly and his company of rangers were sent down there to run down the outlaws. McNelly adopted the policy of giving no quarter. He asked none. It was a fight to the death when he and his men got within shooting distance of the Mexican thieves.

The men who won distinction in the Texas ranger service were the fore-runners of the present era of peace, development and prosperity that the state is enjoying. Most of the many rangers who won distinction for their bravery and notable exploits in the performance of their duty are dead. Some were killed in the service, others succumbed to natural causes. A few of them are still alive and active.

Rangers Carnes, Lawrence, West and Craighead recently rode into a jungle that skirts the Rio Grande near its mouth. Mexican renegades had hidden in the thickets and the rangers knew the deadly peril into which they rode.

Despite the disadvantages under which they worked, the rangers rode into the thickets. They could die but once and their business was to court death. A road had been cut through the jungle and following this the rangers were ambushed. The outlaws opened on them at close range with shotguns and every man went down. Barnes and Lawrence were killed and

the service will be completely reorganized. It is planned to merge the four companies, each of which now consists of only ten men, into one company of forty men, and to place it in charge of an experienced officer, who shall have full control of all ranger operations.

Songs From Welsh Tournament.

The great festival of a people's poetry has just lately ended at Colwyn bay. All Wales—center of spontaneous song while the age of science seems to have dulled the sense of poetry in the modern world—turns to its Eldestoddd with undiminished fervor, to hear Welsh bards chant the nation's songs.

With the progress of Welsh song there has come the desire to make it known to English speaking people. At the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd George and other leading Welshmen, Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, himself an honorary member of the Gorsedd, has set to work to make a series of English versions from the Welsh poets, including some of those attending the last Eldestoddd. The old songs and the new in the examples Mr. Graves has translated, in the same measure as the Welsh originals, show how the character of Welsh national poetry has remained unchanged.

Cause of His Demise.

Watkins—Didn't you say your father was an inventor?

Tompkins—Yes; he made a specialty of inventing safety devices.

Watkins—Is he still living?

Tompkins—No; he invented and demonstrated a safety folding bed.